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THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON.

Dreaded, thou hollowed spirit,
And guard our native land,
Where every fold of faction roams
And discord waves her banners;
O where has fled the patriot fire
That burned from thee to glow?
On our shore seen no more—
While the storm of faction blows;
While weakness o'er our councils sways,
And the storm of faction blows.

Ye still one supplication
We humbly dare to frame—
Of thee the ill-bred, that loves
Thy consecrated name!
For here thy sacred memory lives,
Here grateful souls glow;
And thy name lights up a flame—
Through the storm of faction blows;
Though darkest clouds our country shade,
And the storm of faction blows.

Shall tyrants leave our rampires
With cannon-studded fleets,
Or denegates with arms invade
Our native hills retreats—
Then, WASHINGTON, our rallying word,
Shall light us on the way;
In the light we'll unite;
No cowardly woe we wage;
But hail, sweet Patriot, thy best return
Shall hush those faction's rage.

THE FASHIONED SNOW STORMS.—The fol-
lowing account of two "old fashioned snow
storms" which occurred in 1777, is taken from
Mrs. History of Lynn, Mass.

"Two great storms, on the 20th and 24th of
January, covered the ground so deep with
snow, that people for some days could not pass
from one house to another. Old Indians of an
advanced years said their fathers had never told
them of such a snow. It was from 10 to 12
inches deep, and generally covered the lower story
of the houses. Cottages of one story were
entirely buried, so that the people dug paths
from one house to another, under the snow. A
man after a slight rain fell, and the frost crushed
the snow, and then the people went out of
their chamber windows and walked over it."
Many of the farmers lost their sheep, and most
of the sheep and swine that were saved lived
from one to two weeks without food. One
man had some hens buried near his barn which
were dug out alive eleven days after. During
this snow a great number of deer came from
the woods for food and were followed by the
wolves, which killed many of them. Others
were killed by the people with guns. Some
of the deer died of hunger, and being chased
by the wolves leaped into the sea and were
drowned. Great damage was done to the or-
chards by the snow freezing to the branches
and splitting the trees as it fell. This snow
marked a remarkable era in New England;
and old people, in relating an event, would
say it happened so many years before or after
the great snow."

The subjoined beautiful extract is from the
works of Charles Miner, formerly editor of the
Westchester (Penn.) 'Village Record.' The
precepts enjoined should be engraven on the
tablet of every heart.

REVENGE.

FATHER FORGIVE THEM.—Go proud in-
dignities—search the ponderous tomes of health-
ful learning—explore the works of Confu-
cius—examine the precepts of Seneca, and the
writings of Socrates—collect all the ex-
cellencies of the ancient and modern moral-
ists, and point to a sentence equal to this
simple prayer of our Saviour. Reviled and
crucified—suffering the grossest indignities,
crowned with thorns and led away to die!
No annihilating curse breaks from his tor-
mented breast—Sweet and placid as the as-
pirations of a mother for her nursing, as-
cends the prayer for mercy on his enemies.
"Father, forgive them." Oh! it is worthy
of its origin, and stamps with the brightest
and truest of truth that his mission was from heav-

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled?—
Friends, have you differed? If He, who
was pure and perfect, forgave his bitterest
enemies, do you well to cherish your an-
ger!

Brothers, to you the precept is imperative!
You shall forgive; not seven times, but sev-
enty times seven.

Husbands and wives, you have no right
to expect perfection in each other. To
err is the lot of humanity. Illness will
render you sometimes petulant, and dis-
appointments ruffle the smoothest temper.
Guard, I beseech, with unremitting vigil-
ance, your passions; controlled, they are
the gentle heart that warms us along the
way of life; ungoverned, they are consuming
fire. Let your strife be one of respectful
attention, and conciliatory conduct. Col-
lect with care the kind and gentle affec-
tions of the heart; plant not but eradicate
the thorns that grow in your partner's path;
above all let no feelings of revenge ever
find harbor in your breast; let the sun never
go down upon your anger. A kind word;
an obliging action; if it be a matter of tri-
fling concern, and trifles are the things that
generally are permitted to occupy the mind
more than things of greater concern, has a
power superior to the harp of David in
calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is incompatible with happiness
and religion. Let him whose heart is black
with malice and studious of revenge, walk
in the fields while clad in verdure, and
adorned with flowers: to his eye there is
no beauty; the bowers exhale no fragrance.
Dark as his soul, nature is robbed in the
deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights

not up his bosom with joy; but the furies
of hell rage in his breast and render him as
miserable as he could wish the object of
his hate.

But let him lay his hand on his heart
and say, 'Revenge, I cast thee from me—
Father forgive me, as I forgive mine en-
emies;' and nature will assume a new and
delightful garb. Then, indeed, are the
meads verdant and the flowers fragrant;
then is the music of the groves delightful
to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty
lovely to the soul.

From the Forget Me Not, of 1836.

A NIGHT NEAR MONTE VIDEO.

BY A MODERN-PYTHAGOREAN.

[The incidents recorded in the following narrative
are strictly true. They were related to me by a naval
officer lately deceased, and himself the hero of the
story, which was drawn up by me at his particular re-
quest.—Ed. of P.]

It was in the year 18—, when the frigate
to which I belonged was stationed off Monte
Video, that the following events took place.
I shall state them simply and without any
attempt at embellishment, convinced that the
plain facts will speak for themselves, and
that they do not require to be heightened by
the aid of fancy.

The Captain had given permission to a
brother officer, whom I shall denominate
Brooks, and myself to enjoy a few days sport
on shore. Taking advantage of this leave
we furnished ourselves each with a fowling
piece and a game bag, and sallied forth on
our expedition, intending to pass the night in
the city, and to amuse ourselves in the same
way daily till the period of our leave had
expired. Being both good shots, and falling
in with plenty of game, we filled our bags
in the course of a few hours.

This unexpected luck suspended our op-
erations, and, as the evening was fast coming
on, we felt the necessity of arriving at Monte
Video before we should be overtaken by
darkness—no pleasant event in a country to
whose roads we were entire strangers, more
especially as we had reason to believe that
they were infested during the night by the
banditti. Impressed with these feelings, we
made the best of our way towards the city,
hoping to reach it by sunset. In this coun-
try, lying as it does between the tropics,
there is little or no twilight. Darkness suc-
ceeds almost instantly to light. When the
sun's disc disappears he has done with us,
and in ten minutes there is as little trace of
his existence as if he did not exist at all.

While moving smartly along, under the
load of our bags and fowling pieces, the lat-
ter of which in case of danger, we took the
precaution to keep charged, we met with a
tall, swarthy man, in the costume of a ser-
geant. He was strongly and indeed band-
somely made, but his expression of counte-
nance was peculiar and ferocious. He had
enormous black whiskers, long, sweeping
mustaches, and dark, penetrating, demon-
looking eyes. On meeting, he saluted us
with a civility rather at variance with his
frowning air; and I took the opportunity
of asking him, in Spanish, if we were on the
road to Monte Video. "Gentlemen," said he,
in the same language, "at your present
rate of travelling, you will be there in an
hour and a half; but in the unsettled state
of the country, I would caution you against
going farther. The sun will be down im-
mediately, and the roads are not safe after
nightfall." We thanked him for his civility,
but nevertheless proceeded on our way, while
he took the opposite direction.

Scarcely, however, had we gone ten yards,
when he called after us; and on turning
round to see what he wanted, he asked if
we were French or English. My compan-
ion replied that we were English; when the
man's countenance darkened; he looked at
us sternly, then walked hastily on. "I do
not half like that man's appearance," said I.
"Nor do I," answered Brooks; "there is
something peculiarly forbidding about him."
No more was said. We continued walking
half an hour longer, when the sun went
down, leaving us in darkness. But the ob-
scurity, though great, was not so strong as
altogether to hide near objects; the massy
foliage of the trees, the outlines of cattle,
browsing upon the road side, and the huts,
which here and there loomed against the
darkness, were more or less visible. We
held our way through the gloom quickly,
but with caution, fearful of no danger, yet
keeping a look out in case of the worst, and
fully prepared to give any person who courted
a hostile meeting a cordial reception in the
shape of a volley of small shot.

In a few minutes, the solemn silence of
the night was broken by the sound of a
horse's feet at some distance behind. We
paused and a white horse flew past us, at a
good and round pace, bearing two men upon
its back. One of them—him who rode in
front—I recognized as our old friend, the
sergeant. He had exchanged his cocked
hat for a foraging cap, and his long coat for
a short jacket; but this disguise did not
conceal him from our observation. We
were a good deal surprised at so rapid a
metamorphosis; but without taking any par-
ticular notice of it, we went forward, and in
about five minutes more came up to the
horse and his riders. The animal was now
walking slowly, as we passed it; then, as it
was touched by the whip or spur, it shot ahead
of us again, the swarthy rider in front ap-
parently eyeing us steadily as he swept by.

The whole business was exceedingly
strange; and I communicated my suspicions
to Brooks that all was not right; he, how-
ever, did not participate in them, and treated
what had occurred as a matter of no impor-
tance. We continued moving on, and a
second time came up to the horse, which we
again found walking slowly. We passed it,
and kept in advance for perhaps fifty yards,
when all at once it set off as before, at the
gallop, bounded past us—heavily laden as it
was—like an arrow; and away it thundered

through the darkness, till the tramp of its
echoing hoofs died away in the distance,
and ceased to be heard. Now was I satis-
fied that there was foul play in the wind;
but Brooks still remained unconvinced, hold-
ing to his first opinion that nothing need be
apprehended. In case of the worst, we kept
a sharp look out, and went more delibera-
tely forward with our pieces cocked.

Continuing our route for sometime long-
er, we came up, for a third time, to the white
horse, which we found tied to a gate on the
road side. His riders had dismounted, and
gone, Heaven knows whither! We halted
them aloud, but received no answer. Brooks
now admitted that we had got into a dan-
gerous position, but we were young, deter-
mined, and tolerably well armed. Our en-
emies (supposing the men to be such) were
but two in number, and it would be hard,
indeed, if we could not give them a hard
fight for it, were they inclined to assail us.
Such was the reasoning with which we en-
deavored to veil the perils of our situation.

We now proceeded with great caution,
and were soon involved in profound dark-
ness. The road at each side, was lined with
huge trees, whose branches, meeting over-
head in the centre, entirely covered it with
dense masses of foliage, and formed an um-
brageous canopy, under which in silence
and in solitude, we held our lonely way.
Not the slightest sound was heard, except
the occasional croaking of a stray frog, or
the fluttering above us of a solitary bat.—
The silence was dreadful, and the darkness
was equal to the silence—black, impen-
etrable. Obscurity pressed upon us like
a nightmare, and stifled the very principle
of light within the sombre atmosphere of
that woody phalanx by which we were en-
compassed. The entrance into Hades was
not more lonely, nor even the dismal valley
of the shadow of death. Still, we went for-
ward, but not without anxiety, speaking in
whispers, keeping close to each other, and
grasping our firelocks with cold but deadly
resolution.

Onward we went for about a quarter of
a mile through the gloomy tract, when we ar-
rived at a streamlet, that ran rippling and
murmuring gently along the road. At this
point the wood on each side opened, and so
much light was admitted as to render visible
the surface of the stream. We paused for a
moment, to ascertain, if possible, our latitude,
and were just on the point of walking through
the rivulet when, from a thicket to the left,
the figure of a tall man suddenly emerged.
His hand was upraised—a bright object
flashed above it—and, rushing impetuously
upon Brooks, he plunged the weapon into
his back. "M—, look to yourself!" were
the only words uttered by my unfortunate
friend; and wheeling round, he levelled his
piece at the assassin. Miserable to relate!
it flashed in the pan. I saw no more of this
direful tragedy, for almost at the same mo-
ment, and before I could lend the slightest
assistance to Brooks, a man on the opposite
side of the road rushed upon myself.

So rapid was this assault, and so totally
unlooked for that I had no time to raise the
gun to my shoulder and take a proper aim.
I did succeed, however, in firing it; and,
by the savage yell set up by the miscreant,
I knew it must have taken effect somewhere.
Wounded as he was, he did not fall; he
only staggered back for an instant, but re-
covered himself immediately, rushed forward
and buried his stiletto horizontally in the
fleshy part of my shoulder. Fortunately, I
caught his hand as he was drawing the weapon
to repeat the blow, and, closing with
him, a desperate struggle ensued between
us, which terminated in the wretch falling
heavily upon his back in the middle of the
rivulet. I fell upon him, and most fortun-
ately got my knee upon the hand which held
the accursed instrument of destruction, and
thus prevented him from using it. Still he
resisted desperately, nor was it till I grasped
him by the throat with both hands, and
nearly strangled him by dint of superior
strength, that I could master this desperate
ruffian. During the progress of the fearful
struggle, I could hear the unequal conflict
raging close at hand between the other as-
sassin and my ill-starred friend—the groans
of poor Brooks, as he received stroke after
stroke of the fatal dagger—his faint attempts
at grappling with his Herculean antagonist
—and, last of all, the death-rattle in his
throat, and the splash of his body as it tumbled
into the shallow water of the rivulet. It was
horrible, horrible,—more horrible than
even the fate which every instant threat-
ened to overtake myself!

Exhausted, I rose from the struggle; but
had scarcely got upon my feet when the as-
sassin, who had now left Brooks, rushed
towards me, and struck out with his weapon.
Seeing the absolute uselessness of con-
tending, in my condition, with such an oppo-
nent, I nimbly sprang aside, escaped the
meditated blow, and darted off, with all my
might, in the direction of Monte Video. He
followed, at full speed; and encumbered as
I was with the game, I found it no easy
matter to keep ahead of him, although I
may safely say that at this time, I was one
of the swiftest runners in England. To re-
move the encumbrance would have taken
time, and time to me was every thing. I
was thus obliged to make the best of it, and
held on as rapidly as I could, with the left
field in human shape close at my heels.
He was one of the swiftest men I ever met
with, nor with all my best efforts could I
shake him off, or keep more than six or
seven feet in advance.

In this way we continued for fully a quar-
ter of a mile, my pursuer rather gaining up-
on me than falling behind, when an acci-
dent occurred which at first sight, seemed
to seal my doom, but which proved, in reality,
the cause of my salvation. I came to a
spot where there was a break or irregularity
in the road, and being unprepared for

such an occurrence, fell on all fours. The
force of the blow, while it did not stun, was
sufficient to disencumber me of the bag, the
strap of which was either broken by the
concussion or forced over my head—I can-
not say which—but away went the bag and
all its contents. Most fortunately, the cause
that brought me to the ground had the same
effect upon my enemy; he fell flat upon his
face: the shock for a few seconds stunned
him, and before he could recover himself
and again give chase, I was so far in advance
as to render all further attempts on his part
fruitless. I continued running till I was
out of breath; then sank down upon the
road side overcome with horror, fatigue,
and the loss of blood.

What was now to be done? To return,
and assist Brooks in my miserable state,
with two armed ruffians between us, must
have been madness. That he was murdered
I did not doubt; but were it even possible
that he might still survive, what could I
possibly effect for his rescue? On recover-
ing a little from the confusion into which
this rapid succession of startling and terrible
events had thrown me, I found that I had
nearly lost the use of my left arm: the blood
streamed from the wound down the coat
sleeve, literally drenching the arm in gore.
What was to be done? To remain in my
present position was perilous, to return the
risk was still greater. Maddened by a sense
of personal danger, and perhaps by the still
stronger motive of obtaining summary ven-
geance upon the murderers, I hurried for-
ward towards Monte Video, which I calcu-
lated I should be able to reach in half an
hour.

I had not got far on the road when about
two hundred yards to the left, I observed the
glittering of a light.—For this I instantly
made, and found that it proceeded from a
small cottage at the door of which I knoeked,
and was admitted by an old hideous looking
Indian woman. A more frightful figure I
never saw; and I dare say she had a still
worse opinion of my aspect; for, on behold-
ing the horrible appearance I cut, pale,
bloody, wet, without hat, and the clothes al-
most torn off my back—she started in terror,
and uttering a scream, retreated, followed by
me, into the interior of the cottage. Here I
found four savage looking men seated round
a table drinking. One of them had a gun
between his knees, and standing against the
wall I observed four other weapons of the
same kind, which I supposed to belong to
the rest of the party. On seeing me, they
sprang abruptly upon their feet: the man
who had the gun beside him laid hold of it
with both hands, and the three others made
for their weapons. I had evidently startled
them, and they looked irritated and alarmed.

However, there was no time for many
words, or much minute observation. I told
them at once what had occurred, and offered
to reward them liberally if they would come
along with me, and lend my assistance
they could to my unhappy friend. They
refused to move. I entreated them: they
only gave surlly answers, and desired me to
begone. I offered them any reasonable sum
they might demand for their trouble—three
hundred, six hundred, and, at last, a thou-
sand dollars. My offers were vain; I was
ordered to be gone, and not give them farther
trouble.

At this moment, I observed him who
seemed to be the chief of the party nod im-
pudently to one of his fellows, who left the
cottage alone with me for the purpose of
showing me, as he said, the nearest cut to the
public road. But instead of doing this—
instead of desiring me to proceed straight
forward from the door, as I had come—he took
me behind the cottage, into a long narrow
strip of garden ground apparently stocked
with kitchen vegetables. He desired me to
wait for an instant, till he procured a light.
I did so, but happening by mere chance, to
look into a back window of the cottage,
which opened into the garden I saw the
whole party, each man with his musket, ad-
vancing steadily to the door. It instantly
occurred to me that I had got into a den of
murderers.

The advance of the band, as they turned
the corner of the cottage, their stealthy pace,
and in concealed whispers, confirmed my
suspicions. There was not an instant to
lose. I rushed down the garden, as if the
legions of Satan were at my heels; cleared
with one desperate leap the wicker railing
which encompassed it; and flew onward
with the speed of lightning. The blood
hounds, meanwhile, were not idle; one shot
was fired at me as I was running down the
garden, another, as I was in the act of
springing over the enclosure, and two more
while in the field immediately beyond it.
Crack, crack, crack, went their pieces.
I heard the balls whizzing past me: they
seemed within an inch of my ears, yet
strange to say, I escaped them all. The
darkness here stood me in good stead. Had
it been otherwise, I must have been riddled
with shot, from the hands of those desper-
ately unerring marksmen.

Escaped from the shot, I had yet another
danger to overcome; for I heard behind me
the footsteps of several persons, as in keen
pursuit. For one instant I ventured to look
back, and saw in the gloom, the black forms
of four individuals moving swiftly over the
ground, in the same direction as myself.
To escape this new danger, the exertions I
made were tremendous. I had, it was true,
no bag of game to encumber me, as on the
former occasion; but I was faint from loss
of blood and previous fatigue; still my ef-
forts were incredible. The last remnant
of my fast-failing strength was taxed to its ut-
most, and I ran with the speed of desperation.

Well did my limbs do their duty; nobly
did they sustain me in this race of life and
death. By dint of exertion almost superhu-
man, my pursuers were beat to a stand still.
I shot ahead of them as a grey hound might

do before a flock of wolves, and took refuge
in a wood, where I remained till the dawn,
when I ventured out and arrived by a cir-
cuitous route at Monte Video, more dead
than alive.

Having taken some refreshment, and had
my wounds dressed by an English surgeon,
who very opportunely chanced to be present,
I communicated what had happened to the
authorities of the town, who instantly or-
dered a party of soldiers to proceed to the
scene of the encounter. I accompanied them
on horse-back, being unable after my
severe fatigue, to go on foot.

Poor Brooks we found lying with his face
in the rivulet. He was quite dead, his body
having been pierced with fourteen desperate
wounds, one of which had transfixed the
heart. About six yards from him lay the
assassin by whom I had been attacked: his
right hand which had received the contents of my
fowling piece, was terribly lacerated, and
still bleeding. The wretch, in truth, was in
the agonies of death, writhing with pain and
horror: he died in the course of an hour
after we saw him. We learned from him
that his associate in crime was the sergeant
whom we originally met with. He gave us
to understand that this man, having lost his
brother, many years before, in the attack up-
on Monte Video by the British troops under
General Achmuty, had sworn to murder every
Englishman he could lay his hands upon;
and but too successfully, in this instance
at least, did he carry his diabolical vow in-
to effect.

The savage vindictiveness of the Spanish
character in him surpassed even itself, and
glowed with an ardor of ferocity which
could hardly be paralleled, except in the bo-
som of a fiend. To elude the search that
was immediately made after him, and the
punishment which would have followed
such villainy, we learned some weeks after-
wards that he had left the country, and had
gone among the Artigas or Artesias, (I
forget which appellation is the proper one),
a half savage tribe inhabiting the mountains.
Among them he was supposed to have taken
residence; for he never more was heard of.

The body of my much respected and ad-
mirable friend was removed from the spot
of the murder, and conveyed to Monte Video,
where it was honorably interred, the officers
of his vessel and all the British and other
foreign residents attending the funeral, and
paying the last sad tribute to his honorable
memory.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF HIDDEN TREASURE.

The village of Stanmore, Middlesex, has,
within the last few days, been a scene of ex-
traordinary excitement, in consequence of a
singular discovery of a very large sum of
foreign gold coins, computed by some at not
less than £4000, in a ditch, upon the glebe
lands of the Rev. Arthur Chauvel. It ap-
pears that on Saturday evening week, the
coachman and gardener of the reverend
gentleman were engaged in clearing out a
ditch, in a field not far distant from the
church, and in the course of their operations
observed some pieces of metal among the
dirt. These they examined and found them
to be gold, and they subsequently turned out
to be "louiss d'ors," and Portuguese coins,
called "poits," or "Johannes," of the value of
about 30s. each. As it came on to be dark,
the men did not pursue their search the
same night, but resolved on the following
morning to make a more minute examina-
tion of their golden mine. Instead, however,
of keeping their own counsel, they let out
the secret at a public house the same night,
and on reaching the field, the next morning,
were not a little mortified to find a crowd
of men, women, and children, assembled on
the spot before them, many of whom had
been equally successful in their discoveries,
and showed several of the large and small
pieces, which they had collected. The
coachman and gardener then commenced
digging about the spot on which they had
been at first engaged, when suddenly a shower
of gold fell into the ditch from the bank,
which came from a tin box they had forced
open.—A simultaneous rush was immedi-
ately made to the spot, and the crowd jump-
ing into the ditch, a scene of confusion beggar-
ing description ensued. The men above kept
those that were below down, till they were
in danger of suffocation. "More sack in the
mill" was the cry, and it was not till a sol-
emn promise was made to make an equal
division of the spoil, that the discoverers of
the treasure were allowed to rise. A collec-
tion was then made, and all standing in a
ring—men, women, and boys—the pieces
were handed round, one at a time, to each,
the gardener and coachman, however, taking
care to reserve the better share for them-
selves, and especially to keep the larger pieces.
New arrivals led to a fresh search, when two
more boxes were found equally well stored.
With one of these a farmer's man made off,
but the bottom coming out, another scramble
followed, and another division took place—
some getting from twenty to thirty pieces
each and others more, one or two the extent
of two hundred each, and the coachman and
gardener receiving about three hundred and
twenty each. The news soon obtained more
extended circulation throughout the town,
and the whole parish flocked to the spot, the
church being thereby stripped of nearly the
whole of the humbler classes of its congrega-
tion, to no small astonishment of the par-
son. The cause of this defection was ascer-
tained by the Reverend Mr. Chauvel, after
the service, who sent for his gardener, and
obtained from him the circumstances of the
case. He immediately declared the whole
of the property to be his, having been found
in his glebe land, and demanded from the
gardener the amount of his prize. The gar-
dener was not disposed so quietly to relin-
quish his unexpected gains, and, on consult-
ing with the coachman, they resolved to put

both their sums together, and consult a law-
yer as to what was proper to be done. The
money was accordingly left in charge of the
coachman's wife; but no sooner was she al-
one than Mrs. Chauvel, having discovered
the fact, went to her, and, working on her
fears forced her to deliver up the whole of
her valuable charge, to the deep mortifica-
tion of her husband and co-partner. The
money was then conveyed to the Rev. Mr.
Chauvel, by whom it was taken to a magis-
trate in the neighborhood, in whose charge
it now is. In the mean time the other "lucky
ones" were displaying their boasted gains in
hands full, and a brewer in the neighborhood
bought several of the pieces at the rate of 12s.
each; he soon found a competitor at 13s.
each and by the next morning a foreign ser-
vant, who lived with a gentleman in the vil-
lage, stated the real value, so that no bar-
gains could again be had on such advantage-
ous terms. Several hearing of the claims of
the parson, kept their own counsel; others
came up to town on Monday and sold
the coin at fair value to the bullion dealers—
while one or two altogether retired from the
chance of immediate inquiry. Under these
circumstances, it is impossible to collect the
precise amount found, but from what we
hear it cannot fall much short of the sum
we have stated. The parson still asserts
that the whole belongs to him; but there
can be no doubt he has no legal claim to a
any part of it, as, if an owner cannot be
found, it properly belongs to the crown. It
is not likely, however, with the exception of
the sum taken from the coachman's wife,
that much of it will be forthcoming for any
legitimate purpose hereafter. Mr. Chauvel,
however, we hear, intends to try the ques-
tion how far his claim is tenable—a point
which his servants are determined to contest.
We have seen some of the coins, which are
perfectly fresh, and in good condition, and
are supposed to have been buried by an ec-
centric foreigner, who lived some years
since near Stanmore, was known to be wealthy,
has gone abroad and has not since been
heard of. A few years back a foreigner ar-
rived at Stanmore, and was engaged with 4
men for nearly a fortnight in searching for
treasure in the same field; but without suc-
cess. It is supposed the original depositor
had described the place, but not with suffi-
cient accuracy to guide his agent, who went
away much depressed, intimating his suspi-
cions that the farmer who rented the field
had forestalled him.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Distressing shipwreck.—The annexed par-
ticulars of the wreck of the Br. ship Francis
Spright, present a series of suffering too
horrible even to be dreamed of. She left
St. John, N. B. for Limerick, on the 24th
Nov. and on the 3d of Dec. while lying to
under a close reefed mizen top sail, she cap-
sized, but by cutting away the masts, she
righted, but three of the crew were lost—
not a particle of provisions or water were to
be had, and from the 3d to the 22d they
suffered tortures too horrible to describe, and
on that day, O'Brien, Gorham, Beham, and
Burns, four of the hands, died, raving from
thirst and starvation. On the afternoon of
that day, they were taken off the wreck by
the brig Angelonia, Captain Gillard, from
Newfoundland for Teignmouth, to whose
kindness and attention, they are indebted for
their lives. When the Angelonia fell in with
them, they found only the captain, mate, and
six of the crew, and most horrid to relate
two quarters of a human body, which too
plainly told to what extremity they had been
reduced. Enduring for five days total ab-
stinence, distracting thirst and craving hun-
ger prompted at last the adoption of their
last resource, and of casting lots for a victim
to be bled to death, and eaten. The first
lot fell on the Captain's boy, a fine youth
15 years old—and afterwards another lad
and a man suffered, on which they subsisted
five days. The fourth lot had been cast—it
fell on the mate, and the ensuing day—the
day of the morning on which his fate would
have been sealed by death, the Angelonia
relieved them. On landing, their appear-
ance was most distressing. The captain
says he was when happily relieved, in the
act of eating the liver and brains of his ap-
prentice.

A Wretch—worse than a Brute!—Horrid
death of an infant.—Bell's Messenger
of 27th of February, contains the particulars
of the most distressing death that human in-
geny could invent. An infant only 17
months old was actually murdered by its own
mother who gave it boiling water to drink!!
The monster mother is an Irish beggar woman
named Sullivan; she had been con-
stantly in the habit of ill-using her infant,
and had several times been heard to say that
she wished it dead or out of the way. On
the morning of its death, she went out and
left the babe in the room alone, and on her
return she informed the people of the house
that it had drunk some boiling water from a
teakettle on the hob!! It was however
shown to be utterly impossible that the child
could have reached the tea-kettle in the
place where it stood, and even had the kettle
been in its way, the fact of its being hot
would have deterred an infant from taking
hold of it. The mother was committed for
examination.

TIT FOR TAT.—A gentleman travelling,
stopped at a public house in Windham,
Conn. and was ushered by the landlady,
into a parlor kept for the best company.
The gentleman noticing an elegant clock in
the room, stepped up to it in order to re-
gulate his watch; but discovered that it wanted
its most useful quality, that is, motion, and
turning to the lady, remarked that it did not
go. No sir, said she, it is like a great many
men, it has no brains. And also like
many women in a similar situation, retorted
the gentleman, it has a very pretty face.